

VIA CRUCIS
Lesson of Holy Week

Canon Tolman





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“VIA CRUCIS”



THE DEPOSITION FROM THE CROSS.
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"VIA CRUCIS"

The Lesson of Holy Week

By

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To My Wife

MARY WELLES TOLMAN,

*Whose life has always been an inspiration
To follow in the footsteps of Christ*

By the same Author

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MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Foreword

IN the spring of 1905, I chanced to be a member of the First International Congress of Archaeologists, which convened in Athens. After its adjournment the privilege was afforded me of spending Holy Week in Jerusalem. What spot in all the world could be more filled with holy associations than beneath the same sky where Jesus suffered, and on the same soil where Jesus trod!

Many of the meditations here recorded, I wrote down at the close of each day, after standing but a moment before on the ground made sacred by the footsteps of our Saviour. Where the order of events of this Great Week is disputed, I have followed Holtzmann (*Leben Jesu*) and his historical setting, although in some cases I have departed widely from him.

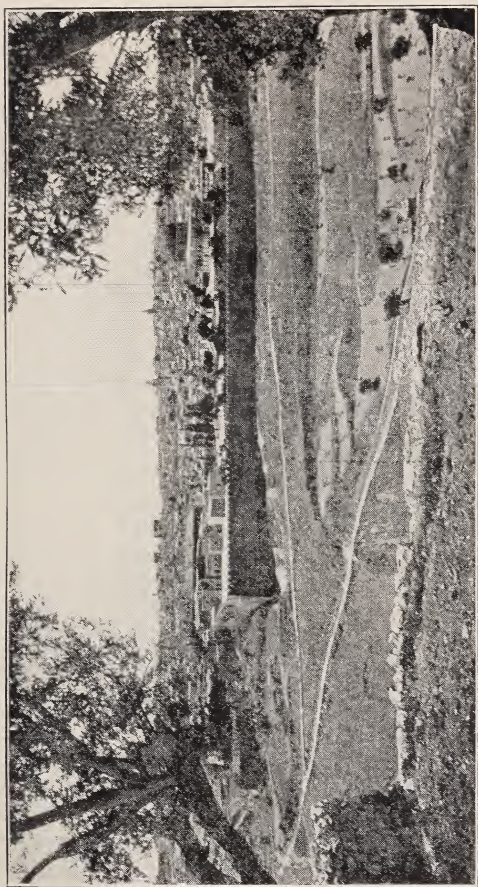
As we thus walk with Christ on the last days before His death, may we realize that

His divine religion demands that, loving as He loved, and serving as He served, we walk with Him in such self-denial that others seeing us do know that we have been with Jesus.

HERBERT CUSHING TOLMAN.

Vanderbilt University,

October, 1906.



JERUSALEM FROM THE BETHANY ROAD.

Palm Sunday

AS the traveller coming from Bethany rounds the southern spur of Olivet there bursts upon his view Jerusalem, with its ten thousand sacred memories. He sees in front of him the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Vale of Hinnom, the castellated battlements of the city wall, the old Temple precinct, while above the cupolas and minarets of the modern town looms conspicuously on the western side that palace structure which tradition styles "The Tower of David."

It was near this point of the road that the throng following our Lord on Palm Sunday, strewed the ground and broke forth into loud Hosannas. This spontaneous outburst of acclaim was voiced in the words of a Psalm filled

with eager hope of the speedy advent of the Messianic Kingdom. "Help (*Hoshi'ah nā*). Blessed be He that cometh in the name of Yahweh. Help in the highest."

The Kingdom of the Messiah had indeed begun, but not as the expectant crowd imagined. Christ entered, mounted not upon a horse with martial trappings as an earthly conqueror, but upon a lowly ass, a symbol of humility. How unlike the brilliant triumphs which Rome had often witnessed, with their pageants and their train of captives! Jesus' victory was the emancipation from sin for those who had entered into His own life, His crown of conquest, the majesty of sacrifice; His kingdom, the reign of love in the human heart.

Tradition says that the triumphal procession approached the city by the portals of the Golden Gate. This gate,

which is usually closed, we were permitted to enter, and to study minutely the ancient columns within the enclosure. From the time of the Crusaders the procession from the Mount of Olives always passed through it into the Temple Court. In recent times, however, the entire structure has been walled up because of the strong Moslem belief that some day a Christian conqueror will enter here and wrest Jerusalem from Mohammedan power.

An examination of the prostrate and ruined columns, which contain Hebrew carving on capitals of Greek shafts, leads us to infer that the gate was built partly out of the remains of the Jewish Temple. It is very probable that through an earlier gateway erected near this site our Lord made His triumphal entrance into the city. Even in its present form it is a dominant feature of the modern wall, and from its

summit there is an extended prospect over the environs of Jerusalem.

As imposing as to-day is the view of the Holy City from the Mount of Olives, it gives but a slight conception of the splendor which met the gaze of our Lord as the sunlight fell upon the Temple. No doubt it was the grandest sanctuary which the eye of man ever beheld. The solid walls of white stone rose from the steep valley beneath to a height well nigh prodigious. Above this vast substructure magnificent colonnades surrounded the whole enclosure, while high beyond the various courts distinctly marked with terraces and guarded by gates which flashed with plates of gold, silver and polished brass, towered the Holy Temple itself, the symbol of Yahweh's everlasting presence. What Jew would not be profoundly impressed by a scene so awe-inspiring and incomparably sacred!



THE GOLDEN GATE.

Yet Jesus saw that His teachings imparted to a humble band of Galilean peasants were to be mightier and more enduring than the costliest shrine. We stand where once the Temple stood. Of its glory nothing remains. That proud monument of Yahweh's favor has long since been leveled to the dust. But to-day in place of one House of God, are our churches, our hospitals, and our asylums where dwells the spirit of the Father revealed in Jesus. The Holy of Holies is now the human heart, where is enthroned the royalty of service.

The lesson of Palm Sunday is not our contemplation of the historic scene which occurred before the steep incline which we saw leading up to the city walls, but its vital truth is the triumphal entrance of the Messiah into our own souls. It is only with this thought before us that we are fitted to follow the

Saviour through the coming days of His Passion and Death.

What does the advent of Christ as sovereign Lord into our hearts mean? It means the clear detection and conquest of sin—the clear detection, I say, for sin is not fully discernible until we see it against the white background of Jesus' life and character. No foe ever lurked in deeper ambush. It is so disguised that we do well to digress a little as we inquire what is the nature of sin from which the dominion of Christ saves us.

Probably a concise summary of the views of the late Dr. Julius Müller, who for a long time was regarded by many as an authority, is in the statement that sin is self-absorbed selfishness. If this be so, certainly we need something more than self-vision to reveal it to us. We must see sin as Jesus saw it.

Mr. Tennant in his recent work (*Origin of Sin*) has followed Müller along the same lines, but has reached a conclusion more advanced when he declares that we come to morality only through "the formation of the non-moral material of nature into character." The thought in this brief quotation is so important that I may be pardoned if, to make the idea a little clearer, I give the words of Archdeacon Wilson in his address to the Church Congress. "To the evolutionist," he says, "sin is not an innovation, but is survival or misuse of habits and tendencies which were incidental to an earlier stage in development. Their sinfulness lies in their resistance to the evolutionary and divine force that makes for moral development and righteousness."

If sin be the terrible anachronism which these writers believe, a lagging

behind in the race for the goal, a tardiness in advancing from the non-moral to the moral state, then the keen moral consciousness of the Christ becomes a necessary *vade mecum* for our progress in the divine life. We must see what sin is—and that is a difficult thing—before we can escape from it. It is here we need one who shall be to us Jesus “Deliverer,” for, as proclaimed at His birth, He shall deliver His people from their sins.

Should we for a moment suppose that our self-assertive tendencies do not make sin difficult to detect, I beg that we remember how our most fatal and disastrous sins are so subtle as to clothe themselves with even the garb of virtues. Cruelty puts on the cloak of justice; pride and hate that of self-respect; greed and envy that of ambition; narrowness, bigotry, and intolerance that of truth. It is only through

Christ's triumphant lordship in our hearts that we are enabled to know sin, and at the same time to realize fully God's condemnation of and sorrow for it.

Yes, such clear moral vision is the victory of the love of Jesus shed abroad in our hearts. Let me use a simple illustration.

Radiant energy—that white light from God's heaven—must exist before the sensitive plate of the camera receives any effect whatsoever. So our hearts must glow with divine love—that pure love, uncolored by envy or malice, even that love which “thinketh no evil”—ere the Christ-likeness can be created there.

The surface of the plate, again, must be brought before the projected image of the object. Should anything intervene reproduction is impossible. In like manner between our souls and Christ nothing can come. Should self

intervene there will be no impress of the Christ-image.

And finally—to carry the figure farther—the solar rays upon the exposed film cut out the silver nitrate and other chemicals so that the part shaded by the object stands out clear and distinct. Has not the love of Jesus to cut out of our souls all impurity, jealousy, pride, greed, and hate before His likeness can be discerned?

A hard process we say, yet this is the triumph of Christ in the human heart, a triumph which means nothing less than Christ-similitude. “We all with uncovered face, reflecting as in a mirror the glory of our Lord, are transfigured into the same likeness from glory unto glory.”

It is said that after the lions in the amphitheatre had devoured one of the ancient martyrs, his heart was found intact, and on it was inscribed the single

word JESUS. Surely, yes, surely, this supreme name alone will be in our souls when the Christ-victory is won.

So we see that Jesus' triumphal entrance into our hearts means a life-union with Himself, effecting in us a divine character like His own, whose realization is absolute harmony and complete fellowship with God. This is salvation, and is a lifelong struggle.

Over our dead past with all its failures and mistakes, as on the old Egyptian obelisk standing to-day in the Piazza of St. Peter's, will now be written the words so significant of the reign of Jesus within us,

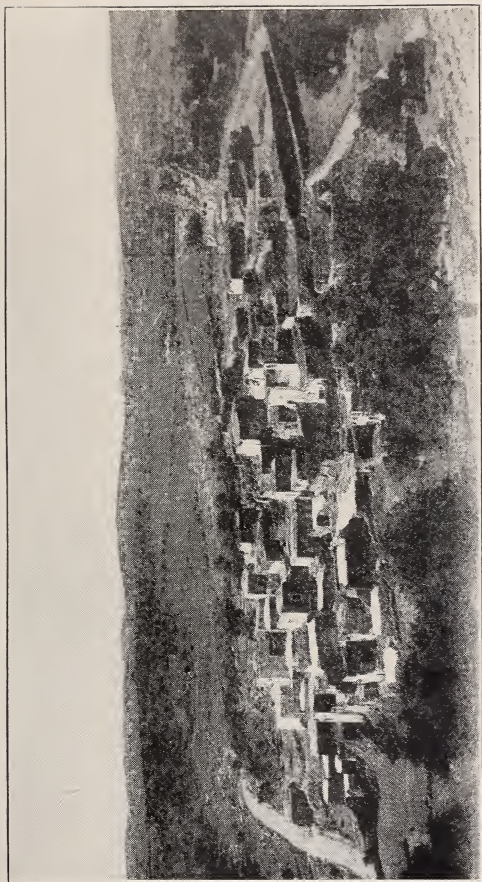
*Christus vincit,
Christus regnat,
Christus imperat,*

which means that the dominion of self is replaced by the dominion of our Master, our Lord, our King.

CHRISTUS TRIUMPHAT.

Monday Before Easter

ON Monday Jesus is at Bethany. Bethany! How tenderly Christians pronounce this name, for it was here that Christ showed more of His human feelings. Here He delighted in the quiet home of Mary and Martha. Here He sorrowed for the dead Lazarus, even as we sorrow at the death of our beloved. Here was revealed the tender love of the Christ-heart: "He whom Thou lovest is sick," was the only message necessary to distinguish this friend of our Lord. Happy Lazarus! That He who had come from the Father's bosom, He whom angels revered, should have singled him out for such peculiar and intimate companionship!



BETHANY.

Looking eastward we see the illimitable waste of the barren hills stretching on as far as the Dead Sea and the Jordan. It is a part of that vast wilderness of Judæa whither Jesus withdrew to fight the power of evil in solitude. Certainly upon these desert hills our Lord had looked many times. Above our heads is the clear Oriental sky, the same heaven that opened to receive the ascending Christ after He had led His disciples out even unto Bethany.

The traditional grave of Lazarus is pointed out to all travellers. Descending into a second subterranean chamber we come to a small vault unlike the many rock-hewn tombs which abound in the environs of Jerusalem. It was at some open grave on this eastern spur of Olivet where the evangelist places that transcendent scene of Death bowing before the summons of the Lord of Life

who, in the sublime consciousness of the immortality of self-giving love, proclaims: "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He who puts his trust in Me, even though he has died, shall live, and he who lives and puts his trust in Me shall not ever die." May our life-union with Christ be such that these words of promise become more and more realized in our souls.

Some ruined walls rising in the centre of the insignificant modern town are associated with the house of Simon the Leper, while a fairly preserved sub-structure, a short distance from the road, marks the foundation of the traditional home of Mary and Martha.

However incredulous the traveller may be in accepting the authenticity of these scanty remains which the dragoon points out with such zeal, yet this little village on the eastern slope of Olivet is a sacred spot, for here Christ

withdrew from the noise and bustle of the city to the comfort of social joys.

We do well to remember that our Lord threw His life into the throbbing, pulsating world with the same sympathy as He entered into the religious services of the Temple. It is a false dualism that would separate the sacred and the profane. All life is holy. The name "Christian" means that we are to be Christs in society, Christs in the home, Christs in business. Our words will be forgotten, but the personal touch of our lives with other lives will live as long as the souls which we may have influenced.

Jesus loved His friends. What is there more divine than friendship? Yet how loosely we use the term! Friends are not made in a day. I had a friend in childhood and I loved him, but it was with the love of childhood. I have a friend in manhood and I love

him with the strong, true, intelligent love of manhood. So the friend of my old age will be he whom I shall love in a friendship tried and tested through the years. Christ says that He calls us "His friends." We have perhaps loved Him with the love of earlier days, but how higher, diviner, richer, and deeper the love as the passing years of our companionship with Him bring us near the end of life!

Eternal life, Jesus tells us, is to know God and Christ Himself; to know our Lord as we know our dearest friend, and by this lifelong friendship with Him to receive into us His personality. It is very true that our friends become a part of ourselves and we a part of them. Are we through constant communion with Him taking the life of Jesus into us? Are we in our social intercourse imparting to others the Christ within us? If not, we may

call ourselves "friends of Jesus," yet fail to have that friendship which Jesus meant.

The evening of this day Christ spent at the house of Simon the Leper (Holtzmann) and received the devotion of a sinful woman who cast herself at His feet and bathed them with costly ointment.

Along the road leading from the Mount of Olives over the Kedron Valley crowds of lepers to-day beg the passing traveller for alms. This foul disease in its present form obliterates the physical features. The eye becomes glassy; the fleshy part of the nose falls away; portions of the limbs drop off. Is not this a fitting symbol of the loathsome disease of sin daily eating insidiously into the divine life of the soul?

We note that our Lord mingled with lepers. He reached out His hand and

touched them, saying "I will, be you clean." He was called contemptuously by the self-righteous, "a friend of sinners." Blessed word! If sin in the world is to be cured, it can never be done by drawing the robes of our self-righteousness about us. Its remedy is only through the personal contact of the Christ-life in ourselves with the degenerate, the erring, the wicked. It is certain that Jesus treated sin as a disease, an unsound, abnormal condition of human life. Are not the Church and society to find here a solution of the great problem of criminology? A truly Christian civilization should require that all institutions for the criminal class be reformatory, not penal. Jacob Riis, in writing his well known book which shows the awful influence of heredity and environment on the human soul, was profoundly impressed by the thought of the impos-

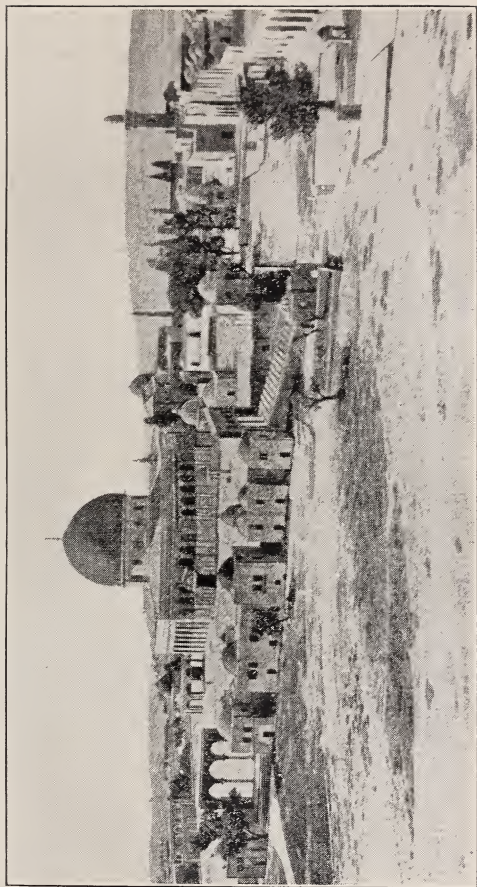
sibility of showing the love of God to those who have ever been nurtured in sight of the greed of man.

The religion of Jesus Christ demands nothing less than that we bring our healing life to sinners and our comfort to the outcast.

Tuesday Before Easter

ON Tuesday our Lord on His way to Jerusalem curses the barren fig tree, a type of many so-called Christians, who show forth the external form of Christianity, but who have not in themselves that divine life which brings forth the fruits of the Spirit. Let us ask ourselves here that searching question: Have we these fruits of character? Think well on each as we enumerate them: "love, joy, peace, long suffering, kindness, goodness, trust, gentleness, self-control" (Gal. v. 22).

Within the Temple enclosure Jesus finds those who were selling doves for sacrifice and the money-changers, who gained considerable profit in the premium exacted for changing Roman coin into the Jewish money required for offering to Yahweh. The confu-



THE HARAM ESH SHERIF,
SHOWING TEMPLE AREA.

sion in the court was such that our Lord drives them from the Temple, and so justifiable was this act that the Roman soldiers quartered in the neighboring Castle of Antonia did not venture to interfere.

If our Lord's anger was great in beholding those who took advantage of the sanctuary for purposes of personal gain, with what displeasure he must look upon members of His Church who worship with hearts filled with avarice and greed, and whose ill-gotten wealth is amassed through the oppression of the poor!

There is no doubt that the Jewish Temple occupied the site of the present Haram esh Sherif ("Holy Enclosure"), a spot in Mohammedan religion second in sanctity to the Kaaba in Mecca.

On the south side Solomon erected his vast substructure to afford a broader plateau for the temple area,

and the massive square stones on which are traced Phoenician marks for six courses of masonry attest the solidity of the ancient foundation. These painted and incised characters have been interpreted as masons' signs and are identical with those carved on the tomb of the Phoenician king Eshmunazar. On this wall probably rose the pinnacle of the temple, whose summit commanded a dizzy height, overlooking the deep gorge of the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

At the bottom of the southeast angle is a well-hewn block of stone, fourteen feet long and nearly four feet high, deeply sunk into the rock. It is evident by the absence of marginal draft at the bottom that it was prepared in the quarry for its present position. For many centuries it has bound the two walls of supporting masonry above it, and strikingly became from the

earliest period the symbol of moral strength, and later the token of the permanency of Christ's kingdom. "Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation." So St. Paul referring to the solidity of the ecclesiastical structure speaks of it as "built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Christ Jesus Himself being the Head corner-stone, in whom all the building, exactly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord."

Are the lives of Christians such that no stone is placed therein which shall mar the spiritual edifice of the Holy Church of God? Are our acts, our thoughts, our words, such as to be compactly fitted into that building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens? Will they stand the scrutiny of the Supreme Architect?

Along the south wall of the city a little farther to the west are remains of the Double and Triple Gates. We descend under ground to these structures, and observe several ancient columns as evinced by Jewish ornamentation that had come under the influence of Græco-Roman art. Since the Double Gate lay in the direction of Bethany, we are certain that our Lord Himself passed under the shadow of these very pillars which have survived the vicissitudes of Jerusalem.

On the upper terrace of the modern precinct was found the famous stone containing the Greek inscription forbidding all foreigners to enter the inner enclosure on penalty of death. I thought as I saw this *stele* several years before in the Ottoman Museum at Constantinople, how little the Jews realized that their national Yahweh was the common Father of all men.

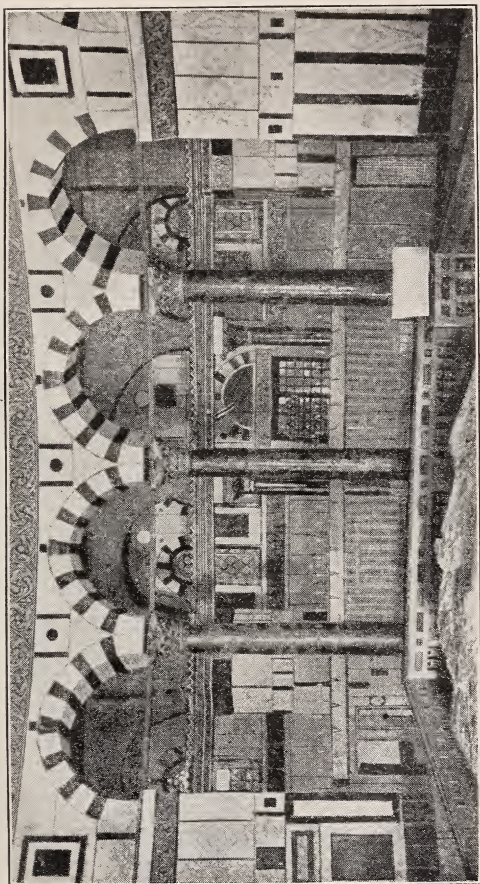
On this stone the eyes of our Saviour must have rested often, and we recall His words: "Many sheep I have not of this fold."

So to-day, alas! Christians erect their barriers of religious prejudice and dogmatism with somewhat the spirit of Roman imperialism: *extra ecclesiam nulla salus*, "no salvation outside their fold." Hence a disrupted and divided Christendom. Hence narrowness, bigotry, intolerance and schism. If the Church is to be what its divine Founder intended, a continuous and increasing revelation of Christ in the world—and who will deny this?—then there must be One Lord, One common faith in His love, One universal baptism of consecration. May the time be not far distant when a clearer understanding of the truths of Jesus shall sweep away the landmarks and boundaries of sectarianism, and the old walls which

guarded bigotry be looked upon with the same idle curiosity as the passing traveller regards the ancient Jewish *stèle* in the Ottoman Museum.

Under the shelter of the dome of the Mohammedan Mosque is the ancient Rock of Sacrifice which stood on the summit of Mount Moriah, a spot transcendently sacred to Jew and Christian alike. Here all the victims were offered from the time of David until the fall of Jerusalem. Behind it, where to-day stands a small grove of cypress trees, was the Holy of Holies, and it was necessary that the priest should pass by this Stone of Sacrifice before he could stand in God's presence in that inner shrine.

Is not here a lesson for our lives? If we shall enter that higher, larger, and holier life, we must first pass through the stage of self-giving and sacrifice. This is the true *ordo salutis*.



THE ROCK OF SACRIFICE.

Wednesday Before Easter

CHE evening of Tuesday Jesus spent probably on the Mount of Olives, and again on Wednesday morning comes to the Temple court where He converses with a deputation from the Sanhedrin. It is at this time that Jesus is fully conscious of the ineffectiveness of His stern invective against the hypocritical piety of the Pharisees, and in despair He laments "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem!—how often would I have gathered thy children together—and ye would not" (Holtzmann).

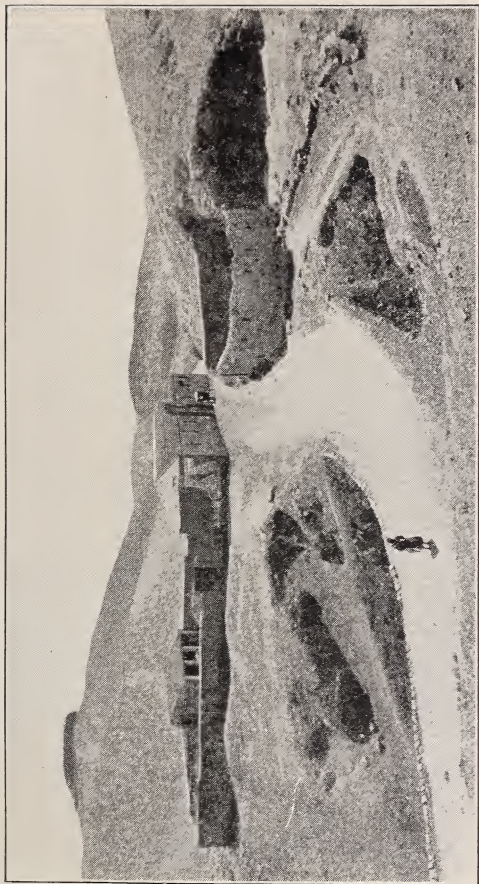
In these haughty adversaries of our Lord we see a common type of Christians who identify religion with theologic formularies, and complacent in the efficacy of their creed to save their souls, keep their heart untouched by

love. Cold, cruel, self-opinionated, they look with scant charity upon the views of those who may be holding as a prerequisite for closer communion with God, the sign-manual *Lux et Veritas*, to follow wherever the Light and Truth may lead. They ponder upon the traditional theories of "personal" salvation, little realizing that

"Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul,
May keep the path but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far,
Yet God will bring him where the blessèd are."

—*Van Dyke.*

Jesus is aware also of the intense hatred His words have incurred, and knows that His enemies will not rest until they have accomplished His ruin. His suspicions are fully justified, for presently emissaries come from the Sanhedrin with the concealed purpose of inducing Jesus to make some rash statement which might be construed as



THE ROAD FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO,
SHOWING "KHAN OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN."

treason against Roman authority. So they introduce the tax question. A direct answer would either have given offence to Jewish sentiment, thereby diminishing Christ's influence among the people, or, had Jesus questioned the right of Rome to levy tribute, a criminal procedure would have been the immediate consequence.

Jesus' familiar evasive reply, "Pay what is Cæsar's to Cæsar, and what is God's to God," is a remarkable example of astuteness in avoiding a most difficult dilemma, and at the same time in teaching a profound truth. "His foes," says Keim, "must have felt disappointed above measure, completely overthrown, for they had achieved nothing. They had neither as they had wished and expected, unmasked Him as a rebel and an enemy of Rome, nor even, as they might have afterwards wished, as a traitor to God, to the

people, to their liberty, to their future, to their longings for Messianic salvation" (*Jesus of Nazara*).

Another captious question is put to our Lord by the Sadducees respecting what they deemed an insurmountable difficulty to belief in the resurrection. Jesus does not answer the question, but plainly declares that the finite conditions which surround us here should not be projected into our thought of the world beyond. The spiritual communion of the next life transcends the human limitations of family, and is like that of the angels of heaven. "More illustrious than ever the hero from Galilee stood there, His foes His footstool, and the people, newly enchained, roused afresh for the Prophet, the God" (Keim).

In marked contrast to these responses to His adversaries is the plain and direct answer which Jesus gives to the

honest inquiry of the Scribe respecting the greatest of the Commandments. It is then Christ made for all time that concise summary of religious obligation: "Thou shalt love Yahweh thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy understanding, and with all thy strength." The Second Commandment is this: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The former was very familiar to every Jew, written as it was on His phylacteries, and naturally met with the hearty endorsement of Jesus' interlocutor. The latter command, although found in Jewish Scripture, had become obsolete. To make plain its meaning our Lord at the Scribe's request defines the word neighbor through the graphic parable of the Good Samaritan (Holtzmann), who was passing along the Jerusalem road which Jesus had recently traveled, a region doubtless as

barren and wild in Christ's time (*ἔρημον καὶ πετρῶδες*, Josephus) as we see it to-day.

Nothing met our eyes as we journeyed by this route to the Dead Sea save desolate stretches of sand upon which the rays of the sun beat with unmitigated vehemence. Only two small Khans, which afford a little rest and coolness to the traveller, break the monotony of a long and tedious journey. One is named "The Inn of The Good Samaritan"; but it certainly cannot localize the imaginary place of the assault upon the wayfarer, since it lies nearly half way between Jerusalem and Jericho. We infer from the parable that the robbers attacked their victims at no very great distance from Jerusalem, as the two passers-by were evidently coming out from the city.

The priest was doubtless on his way home from service in the Temple

(Jülicher, *Die Gleichnisreden Jesu*). He had been standing in the quiet solitude of the Court of the Priests before the divine Presence, yet he had seen no vision of God. He, as well as the Levite, was an official representative of Judaism. Both were strict in their theology, but disregarded a fellow being in distress. It remained for an ignorant, lowly, despised Samaritan to render a service more divine in God's sight than magnificent temple ceremonies. Then Jesus sums up the *ratio vivendi* in a single brief sentence: "Do likewise."

In the old White Keep of the London Tower the visitor is shown where in the underground chambers stood the rack and the wheel. The walls are dark and damp, haunted even to-day by the cries of pain they have echoed. Yet by a strange inconsistency a winding staircase brings one to the chapel

of St. John the Divine. Here stood at the altar the cross, that symbol of suffering love; here men knelt and repeated the very words of the Saviour of the world, while stifled by the thick stone beneath them were the shrieks and wails of victims tortured by cord and thumbscrew. Was that Christianity? Yet have we not to-day much of that spirit? We leave our comfortable homes and enjoy the dignity and calm which come from worship in the House of God. But did we see in that narrow alley which we passed any degraded lives to lift Godward? Did we hear from the dank of the cellar and the gloom of the attic any cry of suffering? Christianity is seeing with the Christ-vision the sorrows of the sorrowing, the poverty of the poor, the despair of the despairing.

That night Jesus retires again to the Mount of Olives.

Maundy Thursday

ON Thursday morning our Lord for the last time visits the Temple. The Pharisees had probably heard that a courtesan had anointed His feet a few days before, and that the act had met with His favor. Jesus' compassion, they believe, will now destroy His influence. An excellent opportunity offers. They find a common adulteress, who happened to be in the crowd about the temple, and publicly place her before Him.

I know that this incident is not found in some of our best manuscripts, yet it is so in accord with the spirit of Christ that I feel it is real. Even Holtzmann regards it as genuine, and places it here in the order of events.

If Jesus condemns the sinful woman,

He will act inconsistently with His spirit of pardon. If He does not condemn her, He will lose all claim to being a moral teacher. But our Lord's rebuke is to the woman's accusers. He asks them to search their own hearts, and if they find they have lived blameless before God, then and then only are they qualified to judge a fellow creature. Unable to evade this searching test, they creep away, one by one, till Jesus stands alone before the sinner. I should like to have seen the look our Lord gave to that shrinking, abject being. It must have been full of love, tenderness, sympathy. He saw, because He was the Christ of Love, what her accusers had failed to see. He saw God's image with all the possibilities of the divine life in that weak and broken body, and His words had to do only with the future: "Go and sin no more."

The Pharisees demanded punishment; Jesus Christ asked for reformation.

In a Christian city of New England a girl who had been nurtured under the influence of God-fearing parents found employment in one of the large factories. Deceived by the treachery of a so-called friend who had invited her to meet some of her acquaintances, she was drugged, ruined and abandoned. Later as she reeled half unconscious through the streets she was arrested for drunkenness, brought with a load of vile and loathsome criminals into the police court, and sentenced to ninety days in jail. At the expiration of that time she sought her employer and told him her story. He refused to take her back. She went to another city, but found evil report had preceded her. In despair she turned to her old Sunday School teacher, but

the door was shut in her face and she was told not to defile that home with her presence. Yes, she was an abandoned woman—that awful term—abandoned by a self-righteous world, but still dear and precious to the Christ-heart. A week later the waves gently washed her frail and outworn body upon the rugged shore of that New England coast. The waters, more kind than the human hearts, to which she had appealed, gave that rest which had been denied her in the great city of Christian homes and Christian churches. How different the condemnation of the world to-day from that of Jesus two thousand years ago! The Sunday School teacher still meets her classes, but she has not heard the Christ saying “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these least, ye have done it unto Me.”

As Jesus was still sitting in the

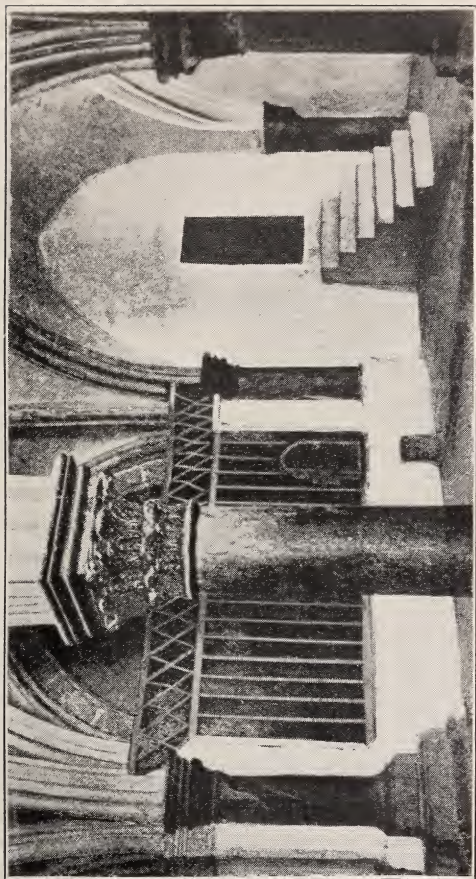
temple (Holtzmann), he observes a poor widow approaching the treasury and putting in two *lepta* (a quarter cent), surely an insignificant sum compared with the contributions of the rich. Our Lord takes this occasion to teach the great truth that the value of an offering in God's sight is measured solely by the personal sacrifice involved. We cannot hoard our wealth and give to God something which costs us little to surrender. Neither can we use our money for selfish aims, and then satisfy our consciences by leaving legacies for great philanthropic purposes, since what death wrests from us is in no wise a voluntary gift.

It is the spirit of individual self-denial which God accepts and blesses.

Jesus now passes out of the temple buildings which by their size and magnificence overawed the simple band of Galilean peasants. Yet our Lord

boldly foretells the utter destruction of a shrine so sacred to every Jew. The language of a similar prophecy was later used against Him at His trial. He had also on this day publicly exposed the hypocrisy and pride of Pharisaism, thus arousing still more the hatred of His enemies. Jesus is glad to retire again to the quiet of Olivet.

Sitting on the hillslope He converses with His disciples concerning His second coming. He tells them, through graphic illustrations, of the necessity of preparedness, of the separation between those qualified and those unqualified for admission into His kingdom. He shows that the universal law of that kingdom is one of love, and that the sole criterion of judgment will be based on the amount of this unselfish love contained in the hearts of His believers. He clearly



THE CENACULUM,
OR TRADITIONAL ROOM OF THE LAST SUPPER.

teaches that service to humanity is service to Himself.

When the evening shadows gather Christ prepares to eat His last meal with His disciples.

Late in the afternoon of Thursday we visited the traditional cenaculum. A statement of Epiphanius, to the effect that the Upper Room used at that time as a little church had escaped the general demolition of Jerusalem, has led many to regard this chamber as one of the most authentic of sacred sites (Zahn, *Neue Kirchliche Zeitschrift*). Prof. Sanday commits himself fully to this view, remarking that the evidence appears to him so strong that he is prepared to give it an unqualified adhesion. The room is to-day in the hands of the most fanatical sect of the Moslems. It is an ancient edifice with later vaulted ceiling, supported by massive columns, and I can easily believe

that at least it may have been in existence in the time of Christ.

On the evening of that day we celebrated the Holy Communion in the English Church at Jerusalem, certainly not far from the spot where Christ Himself established this memorial of His death. After the words, "This do in remembrance of Me," we paused, that our thoughts might go back through the centuries to that solemn scene when, on this same night and at the same hour, our Lord took the cup into His hand and blessed it to be forever the pledge of His love.

It is thought by many modern scholars that the Last Supper on that eve before the Passover symbolized the ancient Sinaitic Covenant whereby Yahweh bound Himself to His people (Titius, *Neutest. Lehre*). During the ceremonies of this feast the victim was slain, and his blood originally was

drunk by the worshipper in the belief that he was actually partaking of the life of his God. Although the Jews in the time of our Lord had advanced far beyond that crude idea of sacrifice, yet there still survived a symbolism of the shed blood as a type of the union of God with His people.

If this view be correct, I think we see a more suggestive and a diviner meaning in the Holy Eucharist. It is His Body and His Blood, not of the old Jewish compact with a national God, but of the new covenant "with Yahweh's Servant suffering to redeem not only the nation's sin but those of the world" (Giesebrecht, *Der Knecht Jahwes des Deuterojesaia*). It is strictly a *communion* service, for in it we take into ourselves the life and nature of our Lord. It is a type of Christ-similitude.

We do well to ask ourselves as we

come Sunday after Sunday to His Holy Table, "Are we more like Christ now than when we partook of the Holy Communion in the days gone by?" If we are not, we have not that religion which Jesus brought. Are our hearts filled with pride, greed, jealousy, and hate? Then is it not sacrilege for us to partake of the emblems of His divine life?

Communion with Christ in this sacred ordinance means our becoming more and more Christ-ed.

When our service in the church was ended, we passed out along the dark and tortuous streets of Jerusalem, through St. Stephen's Gate, over the dry bed of the brook Kedron, to the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane. It was the time of the full Paschal moon. I have seen the moonbeams illumine the weird deserts of Arizona; I have seen them sport on the waters of the Aegean Sea, and

silver the domes and minarets of Constantinople; but never have I seen their effulgence greater than on that night when their light came down through the silver sheen of the olive trees.

For a long time we gathered in silence, and then we read the simple Gospel narrative of our Lord's agony and betrayal. It was no time for words, but each one of that little band gave himself up to the thoughts suggested by the holy environment. We stood there with no superstitious feeling that we were standing on the very spot where Christ had knelt, but we realized that it was under the same sky and on the same soil and at the same hour. We knew that the same moon had met His upturned gaze as He prayed, "If it be possible let this cup pass from Me." We knew that the same ground had been wet with the sweat of His agony.

From a band of Christians gathered at another point on the hillside were wafted the familiar words

“Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee,
E’en though it be a cross that raiseth me,”

and we thought how in accord they were with the spirit of Christ’s prayer, “Not My will but Thine be done.” Do we, as we take the chalice into our hands, hear Christ speaking to us as He spoke centuries ago, “Are ye able to drink of this cup of sacrifice that I drink of?” Upon our answer to that question depends the degree of our fellowship and communion with our Lord.

A picture by a celebrated foreign artist has been fitly styled a sermon in painting. It is called “Despised and Rejected of Men,” and portrays the suffering form of our Saviour bound to an altar, on the pedestal of which is inscribed *Ignoto Deo*, “to the unknown God,” while there pass by a confused

and noisy crowd representing all conditions of life. The scientist is there absorbed in his investigations, the priest of God engrossed in dogmatic problems, the woman enslaved by the sham and emptiness of society, each of them oblivious to the divine call to share in the Christ-Sacrifice. The only one who responds in all that throng is a poor woman holding a babe to her breast; the love for her child has enabled her to catch some vision of the divine love, and she has crept up to the altar steps and looks sympathetically into the face of Jesus. Our Lord's heart is broken with sorrow, and angels raise to His lips the cup of anguish which He again must drink.

Are we of that number that pass by and receive not from the Saviour's hands the cup of His sacrifice?

The evangelist beautifully tells us that an angel came and ministered

to Him. The struggle is now over. Christ's prayer is answered and He has entered into complete harmony and touch with the Father. So every life, which enters into communion with God, hears the divine voice.

I remember that I was crossing the Atlantic shortly after the Marconi system had been put in operation. I spent many hours watching the movements of the little machine which was receiving messages from the distant shore. We were surrounded by the trackless expanse of water, yet the delicate receiver transmitted to us tidings simply because it was attuned to the vibrations of the ether waves. Our ears were too dull to respond to them. Is it not true that our lives must be in harmony with God before they can receive messages from heaven?

Perhaps we have heard God speaking to us in moments of prosperity, in

hours of sorrow. Perhaps God's voice was heard as we stood by the bedside of a departing soul. We went forth thrilled and responsive, but the clamor of the busy world dulled our souls. Is not the function of all educative influences whether in the school, the college, or the church, is not the purpose of the disciplinary forces of life, to draw us out into such attune with God that we may hear the divine voice even as Christ heard the whisper of angels in dark Gethsemane?

Before we separated on that sacred hill we sang together that hymn:

“When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,”

and it seemed as if we could literally survey that Cross which on the morrow was to be erected on one of the hills which frowned down upon the slumbering city.

We returned across the Kedron

brook by the road which preserves the direction taken by the captors of our Lord. As the domes and minarets of the city glittered in the moonlight we pictured the midnight scene in the Palace of the High Priest.

Whatever the Sanhedrin had to do must be done quickly. The following day would be the fourteenth of Nisan (Holtzmann), and the Passover would begin at six o'clock in the evening. This accounts for the desperate haste of the Priests, Scribes and Elders to condemn and execute Jesus on the day previous to the Great Sabbath. They must kill the Son of God before they enter upon their religious services. Here is a lesson so deeply significant that it needs no comment.

The hall of the Sanhedrin lay close to the "ancient city wall which joined the Xystos square with the western portico of the temple" (Holtzmann). The

power of this body to condemn Christ rested in the charge of His proclaiming a religion which would supersede the God-revealed tenets of Judaism. His caustic accusations against the official representatives of the national faith, His blasphemous prophecy relating to the destruction of the Temple, and His presumptive assurance that He could rear another in an incredibly brief period, were regarded as sufficient ground for his condemnation. But the criminal proceedings against Jesus were stayed through the failure in concurrence of two witnesses respecting the actual language of the accused. Condemnation on the testimony of a single witness was illegal. It was at this crisis that the High Priest resorted to the device of causing Christ to incriminate Himself. Looking with derision upon the lowly peasant before

him, he asks: "Art thou the Messiah, the Son of God?"

Jesus up to this time had said nothing, but now the question involved His Messiahship publicly proclaimed a few days before. To continue silent longer or to deny it would be disloyalty to His consciousness of His divine mission. "No degree of caution will allow Him to keep back the admission which revealed the essential meaning of His life now that He is questioned directly" (Holtzmann). Although knowing full well the fatal result of such an affirmation He calmly replies: "I am indeed the Messiah."

This statement of our Lord interpreted in the light of His life and teachings could not be regarded by the Sanhedrin as fanatical; it must be blasphemous, and blasphemy was a capital offense. Jesus is forthwith condemned to death.

Another legal step is necessary. Christ's Messianic claims must be construed to mean treason against Rome. The Sanhedrin must bring Him to trial before the Roman Viceroy, who at this time happened to be in the city. While Jesus is waiting to be led before Pilate the servants of the High Priest mock our Lord as a blasphemer, blind-folding Him and demanding that He declare in His role of prophet who it is that strikes Him.

At this point even Peter denies Christ. The other disciples had long since abandoned Him. Jesus now stands alone.

How often since that awful scene have the followers of our Lord been called upon to stand alone against the world! It matters little whether men applaud or condemn so long as we are conscious of truth and right. Moral isolation is power, if we stand alone with God.

Good Friday

ON Good Friday we found Jerusalem crowded with pilgrims. The Mohammedans had come to celebrate the festival of Moses, a Moslem invention to counteract the Christian influence of Easter, the Jews to keep their Passover, while thousands of Roman and Greek Christians had assembled to follow the footsteps of Christ during Holy Week.

Many of these were Russians who had walked their weary way overland. We meet them everywhere—even along the lonely road that leads from Jerusalem to Jericho, tramping under a blazing sun because Christ had gone footsore and weary as they over the same way. They have little purse or script for their journey. I remember seeing one venerable white-haired pilgrim en-

ter with slow step a neighboring shop and spend his all for a glass ball, which was to be the receptacle of the Holy Fire on the Greek Easter. Death is constantly thinning their ranks. Funerals pass our hotel at the rate of five a day. In fact, very many never expect to return to the land of their fathers, but count it a privilege to be buried in holy soil.

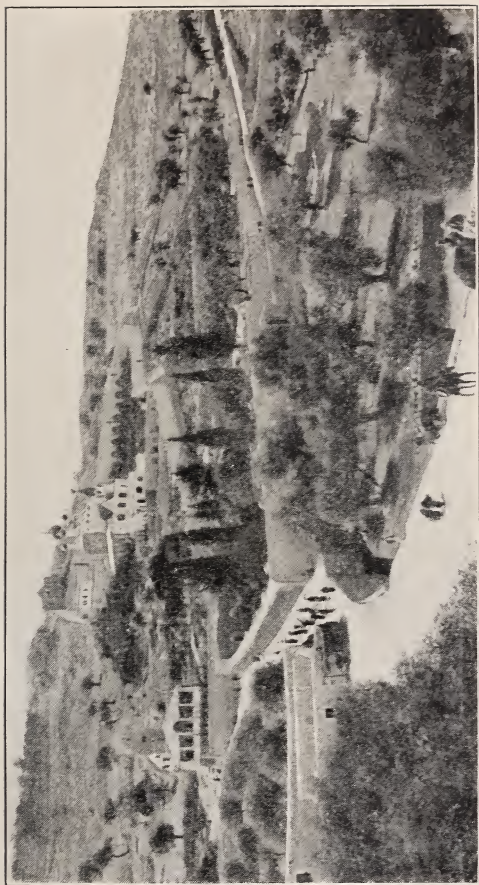
Why this self-denial, this toilsome journey, this coveted death? Simply to walk where Jesus walked; and I doubt not that our Lord receives this sacrifice in the spirit in which it is offered.

Is not Christianity a walking with Christ in love and service? Are not His steps very plain? They lead us to follow Him in unselfish mission, rebuking pride, hypocrisy and greed, bringing sight to the blind, opening the mouth of the dumb, healing by the

touch of our lives the leprosy of sin, raising through our hearts' love the sorrowing and afflicted; they lead us to Gethsemane where we make His will our will; they lead us even to Calvary that we crucify our selfish selves and enter upon the immortal life of sacrifice.

Early in the morning of this most sacred day of the Christian year we stood beside the ruins of Herod's Palace, preserved for several courses of great drafted blocks in the foundation walls of the fourteenth century citadel. The Roman Procurator presumably had his temporary residence here, and hither Jesus was brought as soon as Pilate was ready to give audience.

It is probable that the trial took place on an elevation (Gabbatha) before the palace (Holtzmann). The charge against the accused is His treasonable claim to Judaic kingship.



GETTISEMANE AND MOUNT OF OLIVES.

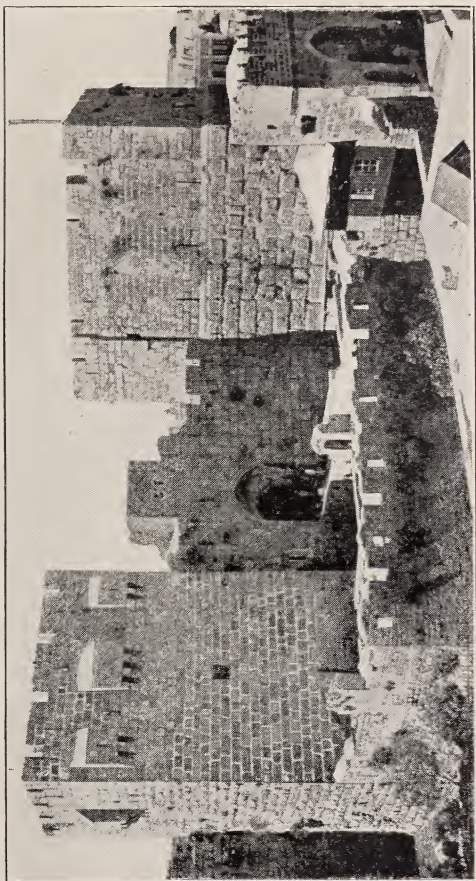
Pilate tests the seriousness of this accusation by putting upon the populace the responsibility of choosing between an ordinary robber and the "king of the Jews" as to which should become a recipient of clemency. Had they requested the release of Jesus, he would have suspected a real plot against Roman authority; but their vehement demands for Christ's execution convince him that Jesus is a victim of irrational Jewish fanaticism (Holtzmann). He regards Him as an innocent man and plainly tells His accusers that he finds no fault in Him. His subsequent condemnation of our Lord is an act of cowardice. He dreads a popular demonstration. He fears that he might be accused at Rome of pardoning a traitor. "The priests," as Weiss points out, "threaten to appeal to the Emperor Tiberius, should Pilate release an acknowledged pretender to the throne"

(*Leben Jesu*). They cry out, "If you let this man go, you are not Cæsar's friend"; a fearful accusation, for Tacitus distinctly states that *Laesa Majestas* under Tiberius was the greatest of crimes. Political reasons alone influence the Roman Governor reluctantly to pronounce sentence of death upon the guiltless Son of God.

Alas! this is not the only time in the world's history when right and truth have been sacrificed on the selfish ground of expediency.

Jesus suffers now the flogging which regularly accompanied crucifixion. While some of the soldiers mock Him in the role of king, others prepare the cross.

Doubtless they had made many crosses for condemned criminals ere this. They little realized when they fitted the rude transverse beam to the upright that this gruesome gallows-



THE CITADEL,
SHOWING FOUNDATION-WALLS OF HEROD'S PALACE.

tree would come down through the centuries as the holiest symbol of our faith; that it would flash in gold and sparkle with gems upon our altars; that it would rise on heaven-pointing church spires, far above the din of our busy streets as if to hallow the city's life. Yes, around it martyr hands have clung. It has been oft-times the last earthly object on which were fixed the eyes of the dying. It is to-day the *idolon* of service to those who have entered into life-union with Christ, and its divine lesson of consecration and sacrifice must leave its impress upon the soul before it can fully commune with a God of Love.

A centurion leads the party towards the place of execution. The *Via Dolorosa*, or Path of Pain, begins at the site of the Roman barracks of the ancient Castle of Antonia.

At the hour of our visit a fanatical

Mohammedan procession was going from the Haram esh Sherif, where elaborate ceremonies had been held for several days, to the tomb of Moses, which, very conveniently for the followers of the prophet, has been found on this side of the Jordan. From the din and discordance of the military music of the Turkish bands, from the confusion and jostling of the crowd, we withdrew into the peace and seclusion of the Latin Convent of the Sisters of Zion, situated at the beginning of this traditional road which Christ trod on His way to Calvary.

A Sister with a pure and sweet face which reflected the calm of her daily life, took us beneath the ground floor of the convent, and showed us the ancient pavement some twenty feet below the modern street. Pointing to it she exclaimed: "It is very sacred; our Lord Himself walked here."

Deeply cut in the hard stone were the familiar outlines of the game of draughts, so popular among the Roman soldiers, and which the traveller observes on the floor of the Basilica Julia in the Roman Forum. These marks, it is true, tend somewhat to confirm the hypothesis that the old Roman Pretorium and the Judgment Hall of Pilate were situated near this spot. In fact Weiss (*Das Leben Jesu*) remarks that the narrative seems to indicate the tower of Antonia where the Roman cohort was quartered, and where doubtless the commander resided. Yet I have accepted what seems to me the more plausible view, that the Procurator during his presence in Jerusalem occupied the royal Palace of Herod near the modern Jaffa Gate.

We all looked, however, with deep reverence upon these ancient stones, feeling that it was indeed possible that

they had been pressed by the footsteps of the Son of God, and had resounded to the dull thud of the Cross on this very day and at this very hour.

Spanning the modern street at this point is the Ecce Homo arch, a structure not standing in the time of Christ, but probably erected during the reign of Hadrian. Here it is said Pilate showed our Lord to the people, saying: "Behold the Man."

A famous French painter has given us this sad scene. The Saviour wears the crown of thorns deeply sunk in His brow, yet is the only one quiet and composed amid the tumultuous throng. Pilate points to the sorrowing form of our Lord and utters the famous words: *Ecce Homo*.

It is fitting that the Way of Pain should begin here, that we should see from the balcony of Pilate's Palace that mocked but silent Christ as if saying to



THE VIA DOLOROSA,
SHOWING ECCE HOMO ARCH.

us, "Look upon Me. Consider what the name 'Christian' involves before you take it upon yourselves," and as if appealing to us to follow in His footsteps of love and sacrifice as we enter the *Via Dolorosa* to ascend to Calvary.

Following the Stations of the Cross we come to the spot where Simon of Cyrene took upon his own shoulders the Cross from the exhausted and fainting Christ.

Is it not true that we need in Christianity more Cross-bearers? We have enough Cross-parasites. Many are ready to sing "Simply to Thy Cross I cling," but Christianity demands that we *bear* the Cross of sacrifice. Yes, on our own shoulders must be laid that great world-burden of our Lord.

The Cross of self-denial is hard to bear, but He has borne it before us. The path may be rugged, but His feet have trod every step of the way. He

does not say, "Go," but He turns and bids us, "Follow after Me."

Suppose every member of the Church of God were a Cross-bearer. How the afflicted, the downcast, the degraded, would crowd our doors! How lovingly and tenderly our names would be taken upon the lips of the poor, the fatherless, and the suffering! What meaning would be carried by the name "Christian!" We cannot doubt that this is Christ's test of our discipleship, for He has plainly declared: "He who would be My disciple, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me."

A few steps beyond we reach the place where legend says that St. Veronica wiped the face of the Saviour with her napkin. She did not know it was the Lord of Glory; she doubtless thought it was only some poor criminal led to an ignominious death.

We envy her this holy opportunity; we wish we could have been there to relieve the suffering Christ; but our Lord points us to the sad and the despairing, to the sorrowing and the bereaved, and says: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these least, ye have done it unto Me."

We are told that on the cloth the maiden carried there appeared the face of our Lord Himself. So every good deed and every kind word leaves the Christ-character stamped upon the soul forever.

And now the Stations of the Cross end at Calvary. As we stood on this height, sacredly associated with the dying agony of our Lord through a tradition extending over fifteen hundred years, we realized how the Church throughout the world was remembering the divine suffering; how the Cross upon each altar was veiled during these

awful hours; how Christians were assembling to keep that day of days by solemn meditation on those last words uttered by our Saviour from the Cross, while we were permitted to spend that holy day beneath the same sky where He died.

Desiring to keep full possession of His powers, Jesus will not drink the anæsthetic generally given to criminals before crucifixion. The soldiers now strip Him of His clothes and nail Him to the Cross, while they post above His head, as Roman custom required, the accusation of the condemned:

KING OF THE JEWS.

They stand guard to prevent any attempt at rescue, and cast lots for the garments of the Lord.

It happened at this hour of the day of our visit that the motley procession which I have described was filing out

St. Stephen's Gate. As we looked at the disorderly and shouting mob we could easily imagine the crowd that jeered, hooted and reviled as they passed by the Cross. They knew not that it was the Redeemer of the World who was hanging there.

Jesus, because He was divine, looked beyond all hate and cruelty deep into their souls, and out of pity of a heart broken with sorrow He cries: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Even at this awful hour the heart of our Saviour forgot the pain of the Cross in filial solicitude for His mother as He commits her to the care of His beloved disciple saying: "Mother, look upon thy Son."

With the same unselfish love His next words are those of pardon to a penitent fellow sufferer, and a promise of entrance into His Kingdom.

We were sitting beneath burning rays of an April sun. We realized how the unmitigated heat must have been even greater suffering to our Lord than the pain from the driven nails. As the blistering sun of midday fell upon that barren hill, we cannot wonder that there escaped from Him those words, wrung from His lips by awful torture: "I thirst, I thirst."

The populace which had proclaimed belief in Jesus as the Messiah, now demand a miraculous descent from the Cross as a vindication of His claim.

Could our Lord have escaped death? Even without a miracle, He had the power to save Himself, but He never could have had the desire. He could have withdrawn to the wilderness of Judæa at the time He was anticipating His capture in Gethsemane. If He had denied His Messianic mission before the Sanhedrin, it is probable that suffi-

cient evidence of blasphemy could not have been brought against Him. Had He undertaken His self-defence before Pilate, the trial might have resulted in acquittal. But "as God, He could be moved by no necessity. As it would not be power but weakness for God to wish to lie (whence its impossibility), so it would not be power but weakness for Christ to desire to withhold His life when once the purpose of salvation had been formed, and in view of the great good to be wrought by the gift of it" (Stevens, *Christian Doctrine of Salvation*).

In the sight of the people Christ's failure to avoid an ignominious death invalidates His Messianic claim, and they revile Him as an imposter. Their taunting words must have been greater agony to the heart of Jesus than any physical suffering. It is at this awful moment that our Lord takes refuge in

the Psalm of Agony which He utters in the Aramaic dialect: *Eloï, Eloï, lama sabachthani*: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!"

I cannot believe that He whose life had been in perfect fellowship with the Father could have felt a sense of divine abandonment in the very hour when He most needed God's presence. "In life and death Christ's consciousness of complete union with God was uninterrupted" (Ritschl, *Die Christliche Lehre*). Rather, He spake these words with the same spirit that inspired many a martyr at the stake to chant portions of the Liturgy, in calm assurance of divine comfort in the midst of the revilings and the mistaken judgments of men.

Because of the noise and confusion around the Cross, this utterance of Jesus is indistinctly heard. The crowd imagine that He is calling upon Elijah

for help. An observer takes this opportunity to do a merciful deed (Holtzmann). It was a violation of the Roman law to offer drink to a criminal during the period of his execution. Under the pretense of derision (for such an act would have been prevented had its friendly purpose been suspected), he raised a sponge to the lips of Christ, while he contemptuously remarked, "Let us see if Elijah will come and take Him down."

Conscious of the approach of a remarkably speedy death, Jesus now utters those words of tremendous significance: "It is finished!" and commits His soul to God in a prayer which can come only from a life in unbroken communion with the Father.

Let us look upon the dying Christ as the centurion, amid the gloom of a heaven overcast with clouds as if

nature felt the divine agony, exclaims: "Behold, this was the Son of God!"

Behold Christ; and in His death you behold God's incomparable sorrow for sin. You behold the world-vision of self-giving love. You behold the royalty of forgiveness and sacrifice. You behold what was central in the heart of God from eternity, His infinite yearning to bring man into perfect fellowship with Him. You behold the great loving heart of God Himself. You behold the divinest, noblest, most exalted revelation, that of the God-likeness of suffering and service.

In the Paedagogium on the Palatine Hill at Rome, was found a rude *graffito* done by a slave in ridicule of a Christian comrade. It represents an ass suspended on a cross, and under it is scrawled in miserable Greek, "Alexamenos worships his god." I thought as I saw this relic in the Museo



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE,
ON TRADITIONAL SITE OF CALVARY.

Kircheriano how little that slave knew that those arms were outstretched for him, that those feet and hands were pierced for him, that the agony of death was for him, all to reveal how a common Father loved the humblest of His children. We can pardon him, for he knew not what he was doing.

But what shall we say of the professed followers of our Lord who hold up to the world the image of the Crucified, marred by selfishness, narrowness, greed and pride? Do men see in our lives the Christ of Calvary? Let us answer seriously and thoughtfully, for Jesus Himself will some day ask, and He too will answer this question; and upon His answer will depend the promise of entrance into the joy of our Lord.

Easter Morning

THE Easter sun ushered in a glorious morning. Very early, while the birds were singing their carols, we came to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, which by a tradition fifteen centuries old is supposed to mark the tomb of our Lord. At any rate it is a spot made profoundly sacred by blood and tears. Since the time when Helena may have identified some wooden beams of a subterranean reservoir with the true Cross, and Constantine surrounded the Holy Grave with a Basilica, sacred memories have gathered here. The cold stones shutting in the burial place of our Lord have been moistened by Christian blood, as hands of martyrs have been outstretched to defend it.

The conquest of this consecrated



THE HOLY GRAVE.



shrine has inspired the heroic deeds of the Crusaders. The Grave of Christ has been the goal of thousands and thousands of pilgrims who have come to lay down their sins and burdens before the Holy Sepulcher.

Later that same morning I had the privilege of celebrating, within the walls of Jerusalem, the Holy Eucharist, at this hour especially, as its etymology implies, a true service of Thanksgiving:

CHRISTUS RESURREXIT.

I cannot close this little volume without repeating the great fundamental obligation of our Christian religion, that we go with Christ to Gethsemane, there to take the chalice of His sacrifice; that we follow Him in the steps of His divine forgiveness, by which He forgave those who reviled, cursed and mobbed Him; that we go with Him even

to Calvary, there to give up life, to show that the entrance into the life of God comes only through love and sacrifice and service.

Once more let me give the searching test of our discipleship; are we able to drink of the cup of self-denial whereof He drank, and to be baptized with the baptism of service wherewith He was baptized? Are we ready to deny ourselves and take up the Cross and follow Him?

Then and then only can we enter into the Easter joy of a risen life with Christ.

“If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.

“If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past.”

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